

SONGS  
of  
GLADNESS  
by  
JAMES L. HUGHES  
Christmas, 1913



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To Ila Florence Blanchard

With all Good Wishes

Christmas, 1913.

James L. Hughes.

## The Bright Side



Friends of my youth ! I shall not mourn  
Because we had to part ;  
I shall be glad that long ago  
You lighted up my heart.  
Your life touch gave a sweeter tone  
To all the music of my own.

Friends who came only yesterday !  
'Twas long to wait, I know;  
Why weep because we met so late ?  
You're here, you're true, and so  
I shall rejoice, and life will be  
Richer because you came to me.



# Dreaming



As I sit beside the ocean  
In the Indian Summer Days,  
Looking back to years behind me  
Through October's misty haze;

Catching glimpses of the wonders  
That set all my life aglow  
With the thrill of higher vision  
In the days so long ago;

As some great revealing moment  
Of the past comes shining through,  
When I saw from higher hill crest  
Wider, clearer, grander view;

I can hear the rhythmic music  
Of the universe again,  
And my glowing soul responsive  
Turns to you with gladness then.

# Sit In My Heart's Hearth Glow



To my deepest heart as the years have passed  
I have taken friends whom I found most true;  
I have kept them there, and you'll always find  
That a special place is reserved for you.

The inspiring days that I spent with you  
In the bygone years I shall ne'er forget,  
For the seeds you planted in me have grown,  
And the chords you touched are resounding yet.

And my hope is stronger, when days are dark,  
And my vision clearer, and faith more true,  
And my aim is higher, and joy more deep,  
And my whole life sweeter because of you.

So I long for you at this Christmas time;—  
Let us sit awhile in my heart's hearth-glow,  
And I'll hold your hand till I feel the thrill  
Of those golden hours of the long ago.

Let us tell the tales that no others know,  
They're the truest tales that were ever told;  
Let us dream the dreams that we used to dream;  
Let us pledge again as in days of old.

# Smile On



Although the years may bring us tears  
The clouds go swiftly by,  
Let sorrow go, and gladness glow  
In rainbows on our sky.

Still sweetly sing, as in the Spring  
The birds sang long ago:—  
With lives in tune, 'tis always June  
Smile on, and truly grow.

# May



Far from this tree crowned hill top  
Visions of growth I see ;  
Green blades of hope on wheat field !  
Green leaves of joy on tree !

Glory of bloom full orchards !  
Life bursting forth anew !  
Music of wind and song bird !  
Sunshine on lake so blue !

Deep in my heart the glory  
Lights up my truest life,  
Driving away the shadows,  
Healing the scars of strife.

Starting in Life's great garden  
Bloom of the sweetest flowers;  
Sowing in Life's wide wheatfields  
Seeds of my highest powers.



# Lifes' Sweetest Music



My life has been thrilled by music

A thousand times;

By organ with sacred anthem;

By pealing chimes;

By bands whose heart stirring message

My spirit fired;

By singers whose mellow voices

Great thoughts inspired;

By chorus of storm and thunder

And raging sea;

By dream songs of fancied glories

In days to be;

By wind songs among the branches

Of tall pine trees;

By bird songs borne sweetly to me

On summer breeze;

But sweeter than these is laughter,

When children play,

And shout with their hearts o'er flowing

With joy in May.

# Mysteries



I wonder why the moonshine, Dick,  
Has lost its magic power  
To thrill us, as in early years,  
At midnight's witching hour.

I wonder why the Springtime, Dick,  
Can not make flowers grow  
So beautiful, as those we found  
In Springtime long ago.

I wonder why the pine trees, Dick,  
Are not so grand and high,  
As when we rambled in the woods,  
And they held up the sky.

I wonder why no music, Dick,  
Can ever be so sweet,  
As when we heard the Hampton Band  
Play on Solina street.

I wonder why no triumph, Dick,  
Can give me such delight,  
As when I won the spelling match  
In Bradley's School that night.

I'm glad we can remember, Dick,  
The glory long ago,  
When Nature, Friendship, Love and Hope  
First started Life to glow.

# Climbing



When we have struggled upward,  
And stand at last  
On the high, sun kissed hill crest  
To view the past;

Counting the epoch triumphs  
Of duty done,  
Grateful for faith and courage  
By which we won;

Deep is the joy that thrills us  
There on the crest:—  
Surely of Life's rich moments  
This is the best!

No! the transcendent glory  
Of each new height  
Comes, when our eyes look upward  
Through clearer light,

Up to the higher hill crest  
Where we may stand;—  
Yonder the air is purer,  
The view more grand.

Glad that the joy of climbing  
Still may be mine,  
Upward I'll climb forever  
Towards the Divine.

# My Home Land



Wheresoe'r my footsteps roam  
Memory goes back to thee,  
Dear old Durham, happy home,  
Where my life was pure and free.  
Nature in my childhood there  
Thrilled my soul with joyous dreams,  
As I rambled without care  
Through the glens and by the streams.  
I can never have again  
Dreams so sweet as I had then.

Mine were stars, and sun, and moon,  
Mine the joys of woodland bowers,  
Mine the Bob-o-link's sweet tune,  
Mine the beauty of the flowers,  
Mine the home life fond and true,  
Mine the friends I ne'er forget,  
Mine love's music ever new,  
Ringing in my heart bells yet,  
I can never be again  
Half so rich as I was then.

Happy school days of my youth !  
Days of growth and vision, when  
Honor, virtue, faith and truth,  
I was taught by noble men !  
I remember with delight  
Youth's enchanting, sacred joys,  
And I breathe a prayer to-night  
For my school-mates—girls and boys.  
There can never be again  
Days so glorious as then.



# The Revealer



Since I saw across Life's Ocean  
The glow of your friendly light,  
My soul has a clearer vision  
Of justice, and truth, and right,  
My faith in mankind is stronger,  
My pathway has grown more bright,  
My courage and strength are greater  
To win in the uphill fight.

There is more sweetness in Springtime,  
More music of birds in June,  
There is more hope in the morning,  
More rest in the peaceful noon,  
There are more stars in my heaven,  
More mystic charm in the moon,  
There is, since you sang it for me,  
More melody in Life's tune.

There is more warmth in the sunshine,  
More gold in the sunset, too,  
There are more pearls in the raindrops,  
More diamonds in the dew,  
There are more flowers in the woodland,  
More beauty in mountain view,  
More glory in sea and river,  
Since you made the whole world new.

## Real Riches



I have mountain peaks that stand up grandly high,  
I have sunsets full of glory on the sky,  
I have beaches washed by ocean's rolling tide,  
I have avenues along a river's side,  
I have wildwoods filled with rarest ferns and flowers,  
I have song birds singing sweetly in the bowers,  
I have apple blossoms smiling on my trees,  
I have clover fields of sweetness for my bees,  
I have hawthorn trees that love me in the glen,  
I have hemlocks that still call "come back again,"  
I have pathways in the woods with vistas rare,  
I am just a happy, hopeful millionaire.

# The Song of the River



Yes! I stood beside the river,  
When the setting sun was low,  
And between the waving tree tops  
I could see the afterglow ;  
And the river sang the story  
That we told it long ago.

And I asked the rippling river,  
As I stood there all alone,  
If it knew no other story ?  
It replied in merry tone:—  
I tell on the same old story,  
But each lover hears his own.

# Fountains of Joy



When shadows flit across my sky  
And life seems dark and drear,  
I turn to youth's enchanted days  
And fill my heart with cheer.

I listen to the merry bells  
In Winter time again ;  
I gather flowers in the Spring  
In field, and grove, and glen.

I smell the purple clover fields  
In Summer's golden days ;  
I go to apple paring bees  
Through Indian Summer haze.



# Be Glad



Are you not sad for sorrows past?

No! I am glad they did not last.

Do you not hate the false you knew?

No! I love more the good and true.

Do you not mourn for work undone?

No! I rejoice for triumphs won.

Have not Life's struggles wearied you?

No! they revealed new work to do.

Do you not fear the long dark night?

No! I await the coming light.

Surely some dread the future marts:—

No! Hope and Faith can see the stars.

# The Sun Will Shine Again

*(Written in 1869)*



When the fading sunset  
Tells that day is o'er  
No one fears that morning  
Will return no more.  
So Life's sunny brightness  
Oft may pass, but then  
Hope will light the darkness;  
Day will come again.

So, if fickle fortune  
Ever prove unkind,  
Nobly face the future  
With a cheerful mind.  
Each heart has some shadows.  
But, if we despond,  
We are clouding over  
Happy skies beyond.

Waste no time in weeping  
There is work to do,  
Higher duties waiting  
For the strong and true.  
Earnest, manly effort  
Drives away despair,  
Cowards never conquer,  
Courage chases care.



